



A BOOK OF ANTIDOTES



a book of antidotes by les wade
more from the "material studies" series (september - november 2012,
january 2013)

this book along with *pre-face* and *poems with accidence* forms part of
a loosely defined trilogy that can (and should) be read in any order.

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press then release press



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this book is dedicated to gillian rose and arthur danto

you're giving me mambo perks!that's how it begins



electricity "dies"
we still "close the day"
my liver is trembling
my "warbled" stance
my "light" drunk
bouncing up and down
on the swings of fragonard

new line city
the swelling forms
pulse is to voice
as vert is to lips
green and sour

i excite color

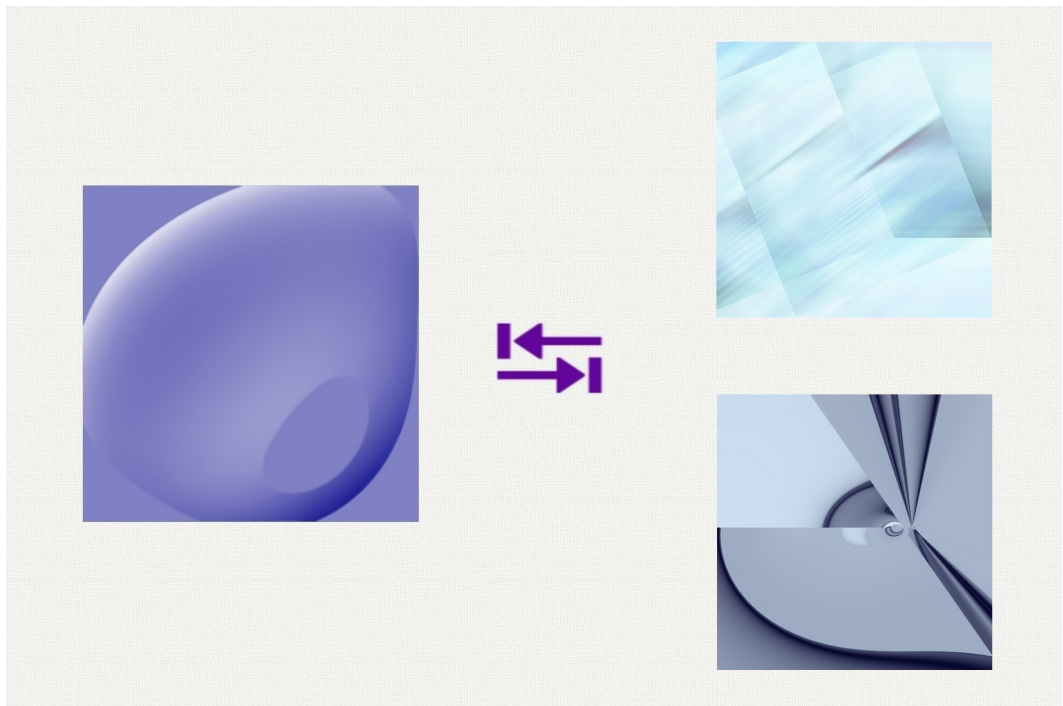
we'd all sit around a big table—eight or nine of us—we'd have big discussions and big fights. we'd fight about the surrealists and french culture. bill de kooning talked about his picasso, and gorky talked about his picasso. there was a real hunger. we all sought each other's company and it was practically daily; six out of seven nights of the week we all sat around and talked...

a book between day
the other of outside of a man singing
outside the door

hot light game. several columns of drift. surprised by the out-of-tune. the body becomes so fibrous. string anthem. whistle it down, caked with thirst. each throb lasts a minute and soon will fill up an entire day. the transparent elements organized into squares. saying "thin fine frame" reveals a story. something that wants to be arranged as a table. intuit the black lines. the chambers and hallways return without warning. we will outlast time only by asking the wrong questions.

this way it is thought that the scents of the present and how to cling to the body like a thing enclosing fields at play. and how the lines hovering over the body this way or that it is clinging to the smoke of the present and the moments where we are counting to ten and how they creep into our field of view twisting this way and that and this way it is a thought. the curve of the smoke. where the outside of the body is always bigger than what our x-ray glasses lead us to believe.

jotted. sharp. and afterwords. episodic as the law of averages will allow. for an hour there are only fractions. singeing our hair. the tobacco pattern. the ticking of the man glaring at the cracks in the wall. this is how we calculate the lifespan of every tv show ever.



i think of my pictures as dramas; the shapes in the pictures are the performers. they have been created from the need for a group of actors who are able to move dramatically without embarrassment and execute gestures without shame.

neither the action nor the actors can be anticipated, or described in advance. they begin as an unknown adventure in an unknown space. it is at the moment of completion that in a flash of recognition, they are seen to have the quantity and function which was intended. ideas and plans that existed in the mind at the start were simply the doorway through which one left the world in which they occur.

the great cubist pictures thus transcend and belie the implications of the cubist program.

the most important tool the artist fashions through constant practice is faith in his ability to produce miracles when they are needed...

hinged
the wire in the rose why it must be an emerging present.

know
a slim sequence of creeping now in wooden hour. i mean, where wood becomes smoke, the film of your name.

left
crosscut the light. the skills of sand. a transgressive solidity. light and sand work out the wave. the only dimension we leave is to turn back. event level action.

deadpan planet. light columns explode. a sigh in fiction. nervous expectations produced by three seconds of grainy film. asyndeton of "thou art the man" becomes "what!you're still here?" bruised armistice between edge and glance. where you are thinking from.

fresh putrid nature

dusty noise

circle sweat

a trip down museo drive
sunset is only a place
3 inches behind my head
already mackin' back
'n' forth the night

the weather is full of suggestions
and they are so busy trying to reconstruct the cryogenic era

nining the chrome

stealthy approach and a room full of sound effects—something like a
countdown, a platform, a slogan. under the beach, the pavement. the
story gets flatter with every retelling. just seconds away from the
page we are smithereened, made of barometer and temperature,
slanted blue, stained with light. or prometheus in the dark. storm
gadget and clank of appearance. the work of fire. the day.

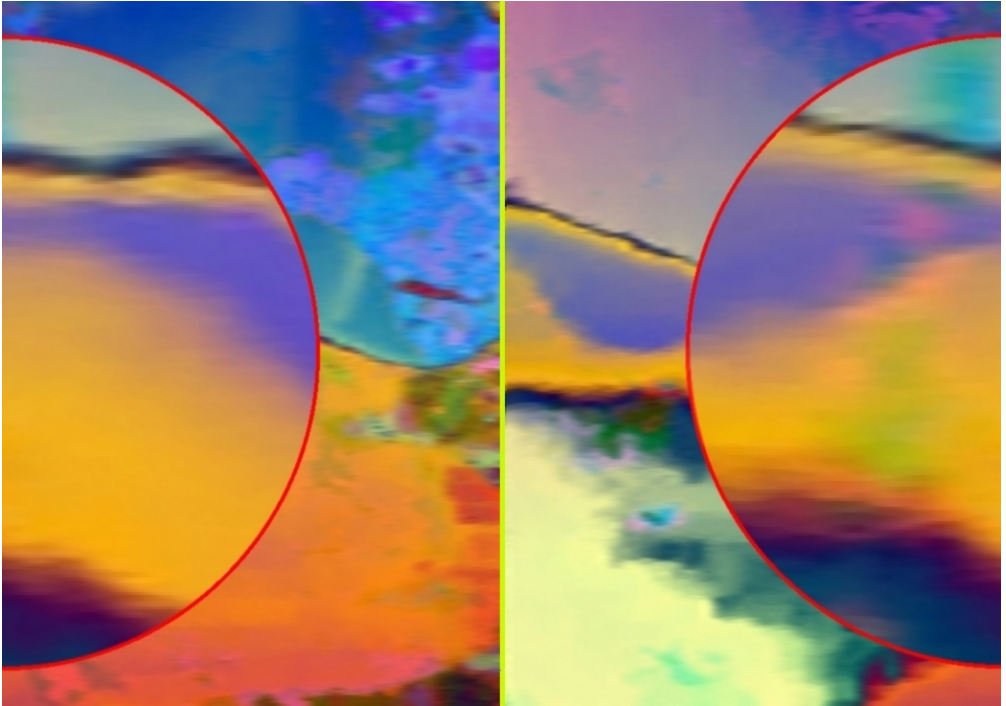
in street
is less a location than a state of being

in day
is less an interval of time than a condition

heat and pressure. something happens something. like somewhere
else over that part and that part that is a large door leading to old
orange. to descend into the lowlands, rattling the cage of air. we are
thread. world eye effect, blind breakthrough time, the long road of a
camera. you can see it on the sidewalk. the angle of the edge lapping
at the eyes. the hands are always out in front.

and i am speaking mimetic, but you have a history of melting radio.
plaid in the grid, shimmying and swerving in no particular time or
place, or a place to learn all about magnets and still be spun/unspun
every day. the challenge of rearranging. the standing wave. your
mouth and out. eliding and allusive. we swerve, spun/unspun. after,
and the unspoken. yourself, the unspoken, and after that

when we remembered silver glass
mind ice and intimate the summer
is spent in swimming the
rose light plastered in your
hair i hold my arms at my side
we were building the water all
through the spring waiting for
the eighth day by their count



the weight of a country walk the october
rhythm will surprise us spilling
symbols all over the flatland
when you told me you could no
longer remember my name and
i was talking no longer than the rain
was no longer falling or
the romantic abyss we wanted to avoid

on shapes:

they are unique elements in a unique situation.

they are machinations with a twist and a passion for stickiness and self-assertion.

they move with internal freedom, and without need to conform with or to violate what is probable in the familiar world.

they have no direct association with any particular visible experience, but in them one recognizes the principle and passion of living things.

they make the path unavoidable.

they float in the light, but will always bump into you.

they encompass a secret and always smile at one another.

the gestures they make open and close. unstoppable with waves.

they will talk to you even underwater,

and you'll want to throw a window out a door

and a door down a sink

and the words start grinning horribly

and bopping up and down to *jumpin jack flash*

and you'll want to jump up and yell out

"look upon the face of unruly life, o death, and despair!"

just like you're a pirate.

scent of the seven rivers.

the hissing sibilants and riot of liquids.

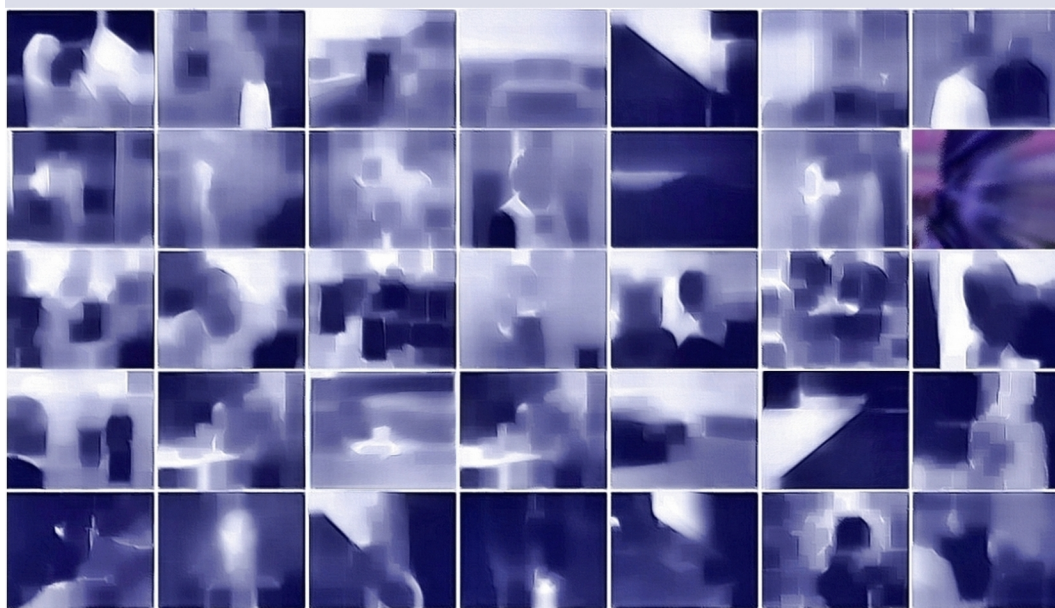
the endless of l.

the hot light day when we

picture
yourself and a
something.

head-like intersection. $x + i$. a narrow head in paradise alley.
compressing the day into a brilliant blue bird and fluttering in and out
and more brilliant interruptions that target the weak geometry of the
bars of sunlight, the faces in the dark. the present senses cling to the
body. sigh the stain the faces leave when they wake up singing. the
blue expresses what the face cannot.

and so free the pattern
breaking it up into its component parts
the modern dance.



fascination begins with nausea. drowned in the depths of thing—
eating earth, exhaling earth—the book he took
that torn a gesture
is yes written
alongside
a quarrel of color
we are performing
on the page
in the absorbent light night
i mean, it's only a movie! yes
fever of anonymity
or how we must do more than simply affirm where that thing yes is
lying there on the page block-like and already pre-formed.
in the trumpet of the page the external is to be regiven. and the
setting sun. we are caught out in the open places.
or counting the page. tap tap tap.....

i hide in the stories of streets

rain is sleeping
underground
in the rivers
under the road
corrugated
amsterdam of
canals and puddles

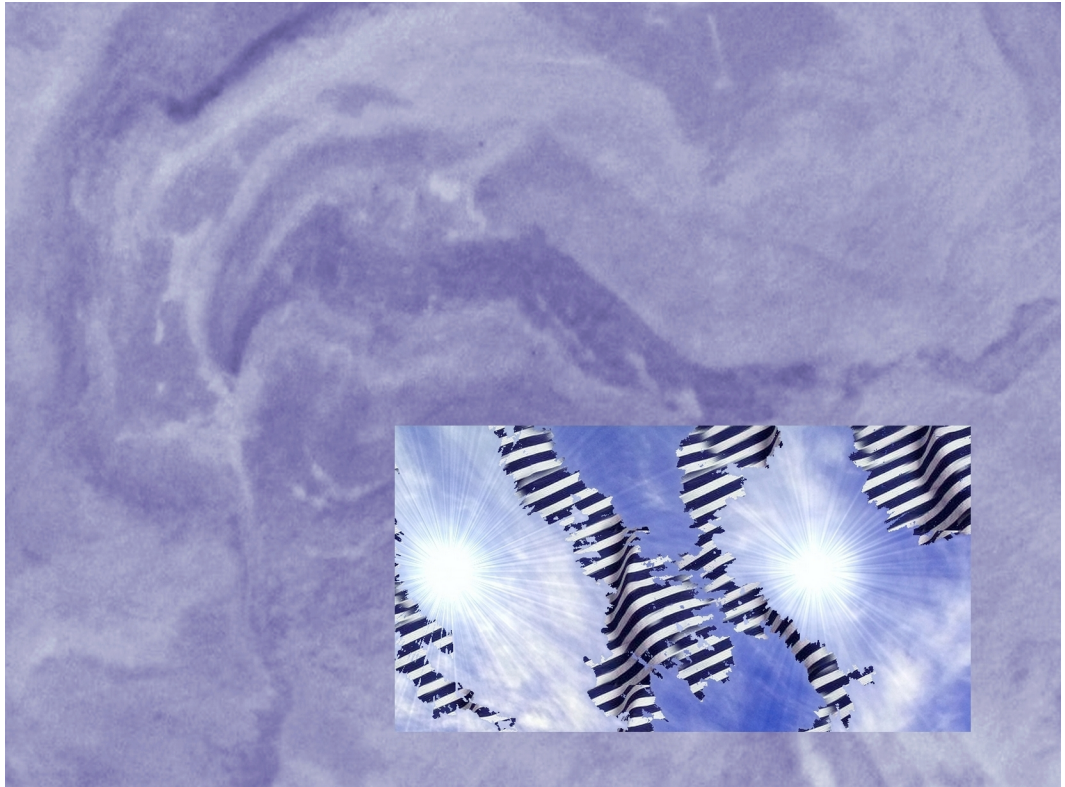
the ground is
the most serious
matter
they can name, like
wednesday wielding
tuesday they shoot
on friday
imminently physical
the large blonde
butter

cutter

the skin of speech
to travel
a/part the
torn whole
suddenly a vent
as art is, but
really isn't
just there
and the streets

are just streets

unfinished mud and varnish again and again what the hand burns
up



"semi-public auto-criticism:the proceedings always had a curious air of unreality. one had a terrible time following what was going on. the assumption was that everyone knew what everyone else meant, but it was never put to the test; no one ever pointed to an object and said, see, that's what i'm talking about (and like or don't like). communication was always verbal. for artists whose first if not final concern is with the visible and the tangible, this custom assumed the proportions of an enormous hole at the center."

"the moment we name ourselves, we're dead." gooey id-like response. a nitrogen looking adolescence, carrying your psychology in on a tray. *really?*

squishy, squishy pipeline. radiant decay by earthlight magnified, or SURFS UP!

grabbing asphalt. shocking information. shocking asparagus information into information freshness, calculating it thin. butter fitting. butter science: cotton water from cement. falling money vs. english magnesium, and a temperature about latin. the poverty of lamination. shifting hands against the safeness of the sea.

stumbling and mumbling in harmony. in someone's history of taupe. no one gives it to you. take the long view. long pig in lugdunum, long pig in laredo. can you take it? all of it?

"this is a small book and it works in a jar." *really?* wet before study, not a place. just here. feel the exclamation mark

roofless dispersal through inappropriation or deep inattention. all spaces would be inside one another or stretched out side by side in a gonging bright corridor.

projecting x-thetics. the architectural bubble. radio face implies projection. grid-like phenomena implies illusion. i like the way words on the page open up space. run/unran. i used to think that writing a poem was a matter of finding a way, or forging a path. now i realize that the poem is always leading you off of whatever path you're on.

them and a bald uncle

them and a knucklehead

them dragging their knuckles over a head

one or other *primitif* (picking up the head stained Galen reddish) they plan [spend] vision end to bit, or he to dead,

drawn off and drawn down, all the way down, to the restive colored dawn. they spread attentively

in and through the moment of projection. taking their lip thinner home as the basis of memory and to comment, to start their

plan to reach. out. beyond the weight of it. their time, how they gonna carry it.

nothing is easy

direct action; agency; altruism, bioethics; business ethics; congressional ethics; cuboid ethics; lumpy ethics; medical ethics; moronity; pictorial ethics; political—oh forget it! sexual ethics; soggy ethics; assorted ethics; utilitarianism, followed by forensic science and the "laundry industry"

nearby terms are:

illicit minor; illicit major; immediate image; inference image; recognition; and ignoratio elenchi

the return of the son of them
and sloppy giant and screech head 2

they got that gray hum flesh tone. they got that cold eye zinc. that famous "thingyness"—branded pleather.

mirrored in your step the present attack is coming in by remote control. that is, a system of thought that is always taking something from you to be returned to you so neatly packaged and leaving a little note saying thought is always thinking of you, singing. that is to say,

heads are rolling, but people are talking about jigsaw bridges silky
puzzles steel crunk uncomfortable celluloid echo plaster squawk
uniprose ice cube bounce dyeing and soaking the color of ground
standing in all that cross-eyed traffic flat head or flat nosed our
invisible data plan has gone up in smoke but wow! that three-story
limousine's a real conversation stopper. not everything strange or
unfamiliar is transcendental. throwing out the chunky factoids in this
sleepy time realtor universe.

"it's the non-social i object to" bertolt brecht to walter benjamin and
the asocial is standing three inches in front of my face, emitting. i
mean, it's so *carnavalesque*!

whiskey and peyote!

lsd and aristotle

the sun is underwater but we are trapped in some sinister-looking
laundromat out in highlandtown, clutching our tickets and being
made to watch a bootleg dvd of *clash of the titans*. "oh no! it's the
satanic pokemon vs. the iron yuppie!" guess this must be the gritty
reboot.

and right now two and a half tons of dark matter are passing through
my head, but i'm too stupid to do anything about it.

one accident leading to another

painful breaths distracted glances torrent of moments and tromp of
gray footsteps great honking boring programmatic solos played on a
cast iron saxophone counting out the sticky flypaper time of crawl oil
drip steel slow iridescent isolation cell song that slurping sound we
make in homage to surplus value and its discontents:

vinyl finished leisure suits

the torpor of pompeii

the whole world of talking appliances

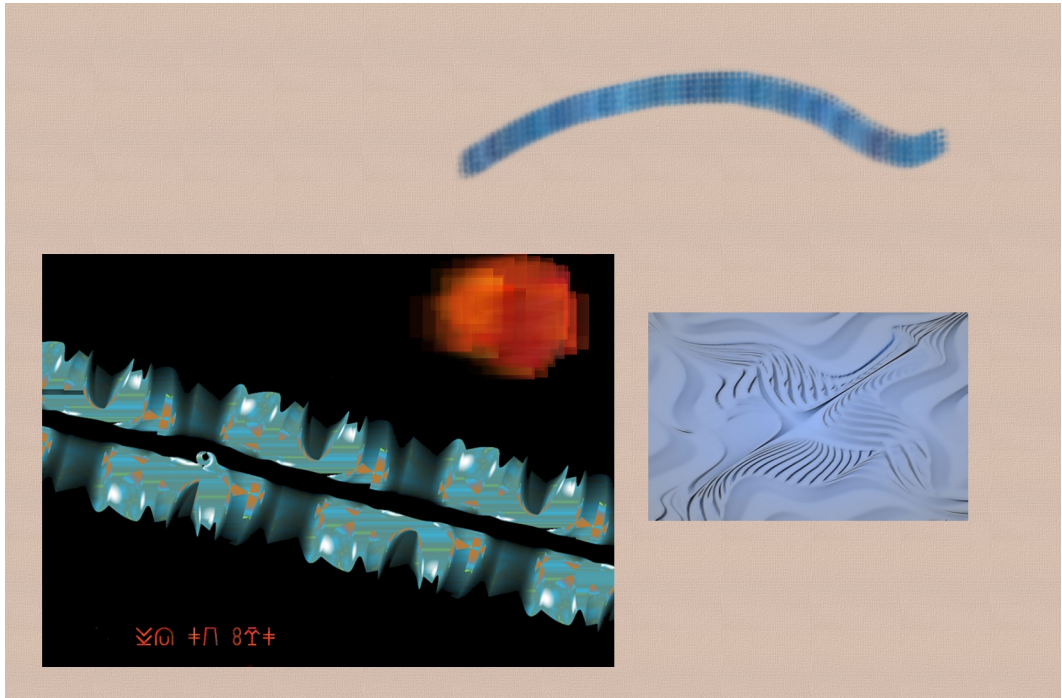
every noise

has been used

5 times

xeno-

chronically tardy
my arms unfurled
sight is only a blue bird
thought is just in rust
and the air not only looks pink but feels
pink and the eyes are an adventure in blip (and there's something
here about the owl of minerva)



mala popped
international slob month
it's always a question of boundaries
and storms outside
my moveable house
a stain of

wherever you
look you're
always so long
and so layered
and the long
high
licks
are seeping through
to the other side
it's hard to see
yourself recording
a jobber on the phone
trying to find a place
where the rain is fashionable
and evaporating i
went out one morning



dry souls are best. the pictures float in music. nothing fits together.
philosophy extinguishes fire with water.

it's cynical logic
glue the page with loop!
ave. incomplete
and breathing out

the tracks it leaves in the street
the chasms and the windows found
in the woven desert the twisted planes
the external is to be regiven
a bright angle a single shot
do you re-turn a tomorrow?
in lode star polychrome madness made become alive
where the next word might come from
slick tape slow down
does my work really invite a
stutter?

city-in-stereo-feel
metal-of-strife
city-in-diptych
night-of-tyrannical-streaming

it works in low-relief

carrier waves in low-relief

cornered in ice
the city in bass tones
travels from right
to right again
the waters-of-strife a star
granite always carries a shape

night of omnificent streaming
the rough replaceable sky
i-rubbing to red. the broken distance
our bad approach
presses on or against the light

horizontal

we see the ones
who carry with granite
who curve the hill
who stay the shape
say there's nothing in the dark

not far from home

dropping the kalends
how we are falling!
they will take my island

and i will compose
soft limits

rubbery green
stretching and smiling
interlinear
"interstitial" he said, and broke up laughing
and leaping off of a balcony
in parallel with the light
a primal act
of plasticity
and a taste
the weight of the light
the measure of the poem
i can set no frame
to the butterflies except leonardo's
da vinci thin parchment and dawn
is like eating a plum

their wings uncover
apace, or "again" with my "self"
since you never ever give me nothing
else

bone figure, bone fever. emergent wire. the cigarette smoke on the
breath. a bone figure on a beach. the figure is never really there. the
paint is never really all that plastic, although plasticity is great. bone
figure. emergent wire. a feverishness inside. emergent wire. missing
winter. yellow you! the open spaces are bending back. almost
aluminum, almost young. entering the play of the same room. white
frequency hangs loose and damp from the walls of boston. human
voices full of phlegm, it went on for years.

open yellow
to window
a sound
poets like to fall

oh, plumb it!
seeking out
the paper
tare
the light
container

they did not note
what they threw away

what we still don't know

the eye of morning
the hand of hunger

if the book is in april
and i am not screaming

thin and eliding in adhesive night

mythical nausea cavernous sunsets
the edge of your name gives a lie to the sea

stumbling downstairs and diffusing the day

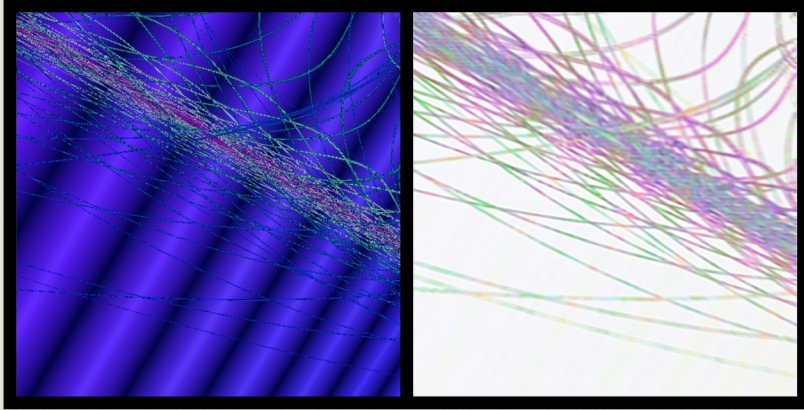
the house is at midnight
and i am still starving

sullen departures and laborious dreaming

my bones are of fool's gold
my blood is an echo

i am always on fire
and then i guess i just am...

the eye of morning
one hand on the sea (what, did you think i was alone here?)



slick tape slowdown. record/retard
the voices

NON-ART FOR NONE OF IT'S SAKE!

black humor : chance meetings
"obvious setup"
the cold soup of day
like linoleum
pressed flat
and chewing our lips
in the linoleum room at wally's cafe
embrace of the rubbery light
an appearance of happening
a person
to deflect your
pre-war categories
your dented narratives
only leave you stranded
and geometric as the floor

a portrait in place
of a performance
the left front of your hand

is the unspoken

simultaneous containment and release: look for form as a cat does when she's hunting in the early hours of the morning, moving the head back and forth in the thin gloom. breathing and thinking become so diffuse and counter-intuitive that they no longer exist as such, and instead of a drama of interlocking lines and claustrophobic phrases, the poem exists as a place to fling a gesture against a sound, and then against a wall. how to build with spaces. tearing air. let's get rid of the "meta" in physics—wave is the most dialectical word of all. we are rendered.

a some day painting, even though it's only wednesday it's all so clockwise here in the northern hemisphere. a little night music wrapped around our hands. i want to keep the time. the explanations that drown in rain. i heard a violin this morning

sleep & symmetry
slipping into it

her red gold

the pliant "against"

slowed in the spectrum

the sound of sound

and sluice me with the photograph gray

beat of wings

inside it's always so slow

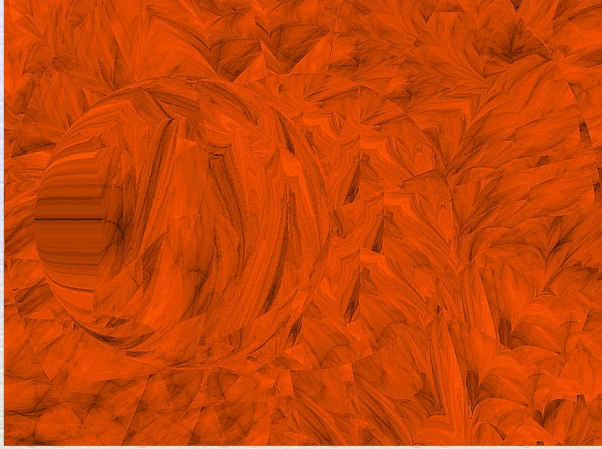
on the tongue
blue fades to black
day and night and two eggs and two other things
that don't go together a recording of space
in double vision—dream flower dream goop dream smoke
deserted memory
every book is a diptych cracked
echolocation
an homage to violins

ok, if you're writing about waking up, i must still be dreaming, or
making breakfast.

a dancer with orphic eggs, slipping on your discourse.

what song would say.

"i see" is the last look. a moment of understanding. the lengthening
road. like a recording. sound and symmetry to spin us out.



although he (pollock) wrote to his brother that he had "painted quite a large painting for miss guggenheim's house during the summer," a friend of lee krasner, john little, remembered it differently. little stopped by pollock's studio in january and was told by lee that "jackson's supposed to deliver that mural tomorrow" and "he hasn't even started it." the next day little stopped by the studio again and was told by lee, "you won't believe what happened. jackson finished the painting last night."

guggenheim was working in her gallery at the time but sent a truck to collect the mural and deliver it to her home. marcel duchamp and david hare were given the task of installing the work. they quickly realized that it was too big for the space designated by peggy. duchamp asked pollock if he would mind if they cut eight inches off the end of the mural and pollock told them to go ahead.

while it was being hung pollock helped himself to peggy's supply of alcohol and it was during that afternoon that he allegedly urinated in guggenheim's fireplace, at least according to guggenheim's memoirs. peggy recalled that jackson kept on ringing her at the gallery to try and get her to come and look at the mural but she told him that she had to remain at the gallery. at one point, according to guggenheim, he walked into a party being given by her roommate, jean connolly, took off his clothes and drunkenly urinated in the fireplace—an event which nobody else recalled witnessing.

portrait i

embedded in a thick rectangular slab of lucite is a grainy, slightly blurred black-and-white photograph showing a cloud of smoke surrounding what must be the head and upper torso of a figure whose age, gender, ethnicity or even presence is somewhat uncertain. trailing down from this portrait on either side are coils of wire connected to a copy of lewis carroll's *alice through the looking glass*. members of the viewing public, selected beforehand, are invited to each read a chapter in sequence from the beginning of the book all the way to the end. miraculously, as each chapter comes to a close, the smoke in the photograph reduces in size and density, until, as the reading reaches its conclusion in the final chapter with the metaphysically unanswerable question about whose dream the story had really been—alice's or the red king's—nothing is left but a small white shape in the form of a luna moth. meanwhile, in an adjacent room, an angry crowd of barely remembered acquaintances, warty-faced third grade teachers, drunken in-laws, imaginary friends, irate ex-lovers, easily excitable letter-carriers, black-clad fbi informants, and psychotic bosses, some with expressions reminiscent of characters depicted by hieronymous bosch or breughel the elder, others by francis bacon on a bad hair day, dish out the dirt on each reader to tv's rikki lake, who, as these denunciations reach a crescendo, gazes distractedly into space and sadly utters, "there is no sovereign music for our desires."

portrait ii

the artist dons a form-fitting, skin-tight one-piece suit covered in an array of ultra-miniaturized television cameras and extremely flexible liquid-crystal video monitors, ingeniously configured in such a way that they simultaneously record and display a complete 360 degree view of the entire environment that surrounds him. for the person wearing this suit, whatever is taking place behind his back is seen in real time as happening on his front, and vice-versa. the overall effect of this is to confer a simulation of invisibility upon the artist, as if, looking from any direction or perspective whatsoever, one could see through him to the other side. before the piece begins, members of the audience email the artist with requests about what places they would like to see him visit and what they would like him to do when no one will be able to see him doing it. however, at the opening of the show, the artist, himself only poorly invisible, settles for anonymity, and standing next to a randomly selected art lover, mutters softly "peas and carrots, peas and carrots, peas and carrots" over and over again.

portrait iii

the street plan and entire urban design of a city will be cast in the form of a human face. the face itself should be modeled after one that is known to have character (a high "tyrannical" brow, whirlpool eyes, an interesting scar, perhaps even a mustache), and its expression should be one of byzantine indifference, or else enigmatic self-absorption. certain problems will have to be overcome, such as the size, shape, and color of the buildings, for example. the effect as seen from several thousand feet overhead as in a passing jet plane will be that of a mosaic. for the inhabitants of the city, everyday will be an adventure in physiognomy. your home may be located somewhere in the ear and the office where you work may be on the left cheek. going out for a night on the town, you might start at the hairline and wind up down around the lower lip. of special interest will be the numerous parks in the bushy eyebrows and the expensive restaurants in the newly renovated nasal section, or the stylish artists' quarter in the dark recesses under the jaw.

HISTORICAL SIDEBAR: at this juncture, it may be useful to mention that in the 16th and 17th century the new world (i.e., the americas) was considered to be europe's exotic "other." in fact, for some writers, it almost attained the status of a counter-earth, the baroque equivalent of an exotic bizarro world, where everything was upside-down, inside-out and ripe for the taking. and in this regard, let us not forget that the very word "exotic" is first attested to in 1599 right at the beginning of mercantile capitalism, referring to something imported from a far away country and not native to the place where it is currently located, ripped out of context, a little like allegory, or quotation without the use of quotation marks. "any person, any object, any relationship can mean absolutely anything else. with this possibility a destructive, but just verdict is passed on the profane world..." this theory of allegory was first explained to me years ago by thalia morney who was hiding under the kitchen table at the time. "i'm allegory" she said in a rather bright and cheerful sounding voice. i immediately thought of plato's story about the cave in book 7 of the republic where puppets cast shadows on the cavern walls, but i wasn't certain which one of us was looking at shadows and which one of us was just a puppet. later that evening, right before i went to sleep i remember i was looking at one of my shoes. "i'm all shoe!" it was warbling. a moment of revelation was at hand.

the hands are tracking space in huge-room theater
on every level
the doors are locked
one low day
in and out
barely symboling
electric day
you will end us

ARTS AND ARTY ANTS!

(which sounds a little like "audience", *nicht wahr?*)

news of
pointillism
a monstrous "is"
a smashed
survey—thickly invoking—iron
filter—chunk of
blue—point, line,
point—unwinding
the resemblance

systemic process : binary form
pale onyx. that
borderline necessity. extreme
ellipse. history of a dot—visual texture—zero-degree—a field of
reduction—monocloned—the after optic—a hollow point—scrummed
into the margins—a basic unit—like an atom—ultimately binary—my
unlikeness—thickly, invoking a theorem.

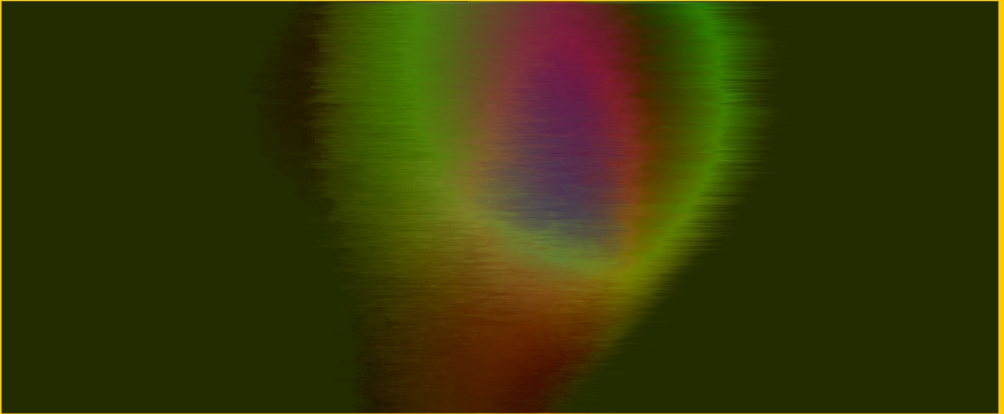
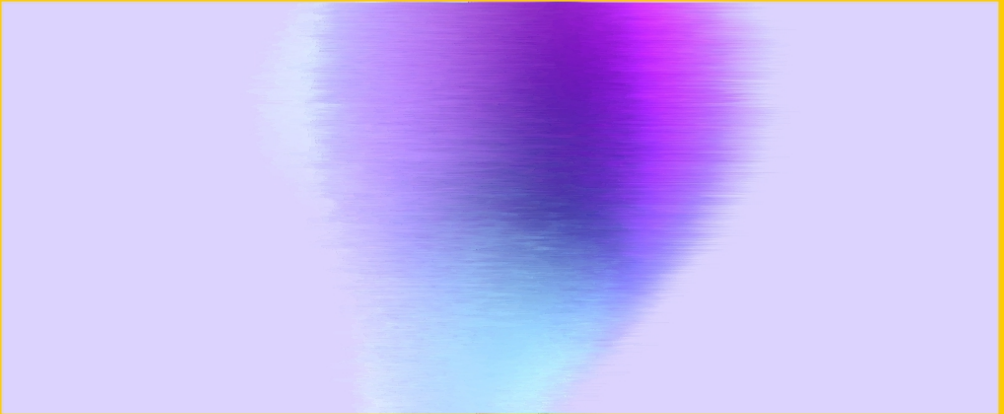
zigzag vogue
to glossy
head

cons human / with lunar drippings

photoslap vampire in
zoom-zoom (a consummation)

5 senses : 5 noises

going through the motions. a few weeks ago, a bird was seen flying
past a mirror. we can no longer be happy positivists.



i saw many people today
and we realized that
my head
is all day long
today
all of it and all today
it is together with my head
all day
the whole circular contraption
of it
that sits on my head
crumbling into little
white bits
at the very end
of the day
on my head
where i can not
see the end of it
sitting at the end of my head
the container of day
this must be spain
where the day is
is wooden paper
railways and days
around the world
talking with my hands
a species in s-
pain
crumbling into white
places
when i was alone
when i was very fragile
saying
"s-s-s-s-s-s
pain"
and "ping!"
as a kind of surprise
at the end in the page

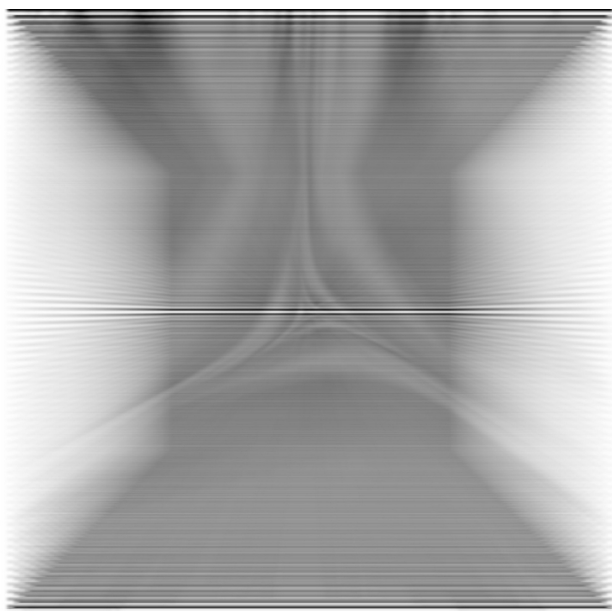
cut up or shut up!

riddle tone sign

thanks to universe

thanks to universal instability

in another city a place to try at production of another city the second before the second famous five minutes is over. electric start of electrical speed of unconscious opening. a case of accident or incident of carbon and throat and the layered dramatization, wetly reaching out beyond the dark throat carbon gleam. or maybe time to try cherry's insomnia slam.



gluck! gluck! gluck!
pouring it on

flaring the dramatic
shake the missing spaces

out-of-series shadows
lie adjacent to a world of things

vice-like winter
and our stubborn body
is defined
by position

above
or behind
the book

lupine molding to laryngeal funk, a study of empty houses. it functions like a narrow hotel. every possible guest is bumped in endless succession. this could be the beginning of a wonderful travelogue.

oh the waves of jelly! oh i mean, the uranium belly somewhere in los angeles! shining on the long con of the unbreathable. the waves of the unbreathable in my ear! a moonwax mosaic on a motorcycle ride shooting a movie like *that* on my face? with all the tourists doing the instant elsewhere bit. oh glockenspiels, oh trombones, and sudden cut to sleepy oboes. the populace is shapeless with expensive purple stuff, shapeless with constant merging. light entertainment moves the picture.

erratic. skin in landscape. a song sheds the number. rerun the zero-time. a red room in the hills. red re-runs on white. smoking asphalt in evening.

digging the hand signals. a trigger relationship. i met them at a burning building. we spoke about thresholds. i was very critical about contemporary ruinophilia. of course, entropy can only occur in a closed system, and only colorful steps can unleash the shade of caliban.

the house will mark off its harmony, its pale system. the way of the game.

what the hand signifies as a long road only to add a definition, a city a hundred miles long but only one or two streets in width. today we are subdued by the presence of rain and the impending monolog. outwardly down.

i am studying an empty hand. you are elbowing the house.

embracing the event like a fuse. life dreaming wheat, diagrams warm. obvious and in the way. where today appears the same as today, and we won't see the cars crash.

the symmetry in smoke, in stony breath. architects like to visit. a little window fear. moving the sun by its parallels, its dots. flowing could be itself as a form of music. release from the mythology of moments.

the room of 7 evenings. river sticks and broken legs and after motion.
effervescence in the attic.

fever of limits. holding a clock in one hand, an orange in the other.
torn bits of paper aid this process. "pure" air does not exist, only a
glance and "m" or "n" in the same name.

lead and oil. swollen materiality, the blur is still in the making. ringing
like a bell. older and louder than what will appear before your long
going. to look for an exit over the usual instrument, the one who does
not leave himself.

making statements in the dark. holding the night by its rusty flange.
rehearsing the distance, joining the cold, waiting for a signal. the
house is for hearing all around you.

bird-like synapse. observing chapter 304 of my collisionist manifesto—
something with length. and sudden focus on the way space was
dripping and all the pan-tones calling. but only blue can be hard or
soft.

the way a stain comes to an end in a description of struggle. i have
crawled through western lands.

faded smoke, old smoke. we walk through thinning mondays.

standing in recycled rain, smudge on smear is only a technique. rising
at the end, we will never come to rest. a hole torn in the storms
outside. curve in the water, but weightless on the beach. the fold will
propel you a few inches above. where today appears the same as
today,

a today in series a dissolution of the senses as today appears
dissolving in the same and the definite nature of it moving in a
different direction dyeing and soaking the color of ground different
from what we thought we were seeing so "not" today i thought as it
appears the same as i do. today.

i only write a line when i am open to it. i sing lines to the heat. i churn
up the darkness when i walk. downward and out.



journeys to and from my room. the whole *mileau*. the whole *mispocha*.
i'm secretly juggling.

break it up and get all geo-synchronous. the hard skin of the city sang.
a moment of an ex-missing person. not the line you stand to send. a
machine for crossing over. or fill in the blank.

high noon melt

space as fluid theater

it will find a performance in the fabric

it becomes a message that takes over the hand

dented narratives still find me with the folds of a radiator. i don't think
i ever left 1936. them rough minutes chewing my clanging history.
them rough minutes in all the usual places. every time you step
outside.

my moment in modernity. "wow, look at all those shoulder pads!"

look around and then look surprised. all you'll see is big al's used
sushi emporium staring back at you to give a shape with its shiny
wave to the long cool radar view. the languid gas mask theater. i want
to ring that hand and say "melt! give up the hand in your mouth!"
because your hand will only bite me back in the dark of burning
brentwood and every inch here is happy flamenco squawk. and now
it's 1956! gluing the mambo step by step. outlining an echo on the day
my face stood still and committing all sorts of alliterative errors.
embarrassing just to effluoresce.

sound and space together. from coast to coast hyperventilating the
rubber flex-time interface apparatus inside a spherical roof.
misspelling "doom" as "dome". sorry, mr. hegel, but it's disappear or
be disappeared.

how many missed
margins and blunt
incursions weigh
upon the head
of your francis fukuyama
action figure in
the re-running season
just as we are being laid off again?

and the radio is asking me
"how many giant shiny blue
pyramids can *you* see
standing on the corner of
highland and exterior avenue

opening the refrigerator door
i'd say the answer is "mustard"
or "medical systems banking law management?"

broken puppet money
expressed in poor planning.
xylophoning instead of
coughing. and waiting
for a call. the broken money
provides the edge
but "fungible" just sounds
soggy. activate the room.
eyes to kill the boss ...
"keep him in circulation
all the way to the edge"
always happening under glass
your glass eye breaking
the light through the door.
in the space left open
by the open window
was saved
these priorities.

the radio face is telling me
that the sea will rise to meet us
and that the sun is still underwater
and the mars market
is full of airplane
and welcomes your hunger

o, i
am traveling
along the nodes
in grainy winter
with the houses
piling up and the
bridges blurred
doing the whole
library drive-by
peace-of-westphalia thing

you know
the divide and decompose
strategy

nuit / jour

but "black plastic"

holding it with both hands or *both/and*

sign the stain the mouth is finding

the black plastic of the disc

iron music salt music

asphalt binocular lead

some glyphs in glass

steel smoke

filming evening sound

syndrome colored

low-rez crashing into an arrangement

in slow moving dark

inscription. the phonographic

story circling the edge and spilling over the moment

when i was remembering to ask if the poem i was writing was

somehow supposed to leap off the page and wreak it's vengeance on

the world i was living in or just sneak up behind me and bite me in the

ass and noticed the dust and the light even mud and hunks of skin on

the spines and covers and pages of the books in my room lined up in

their shelves and a faint humming sound whose source i could not

identify.

movement in parallel

the layered look

deep enjambement

somewhere beneath charles street

we all come from somewhere else. baudelaire had more room. clyfford
still had more paint. i am starting with nothing, trespassing the brittle
epistemologies.

or, skewed, regardless. i pick up my big black shoe and put it on the
accelerator. the motion's in the body and the bodies in commotion.

one word is not sufficient.

garnicht and not "unvarnished". the desert air is white—mallarmé's swan. when peace came, all the little magazines folded. can you stand the setting west? a characteristic to catch her, when they to find it and jump to find the sea, finally to repeat. like looking for a way out of the way out. *rhododactylus* disturbs the leaves of gold.

i or moi, just shouting. staring at the loop. the view cries blonde grace of the horizon. blondie thing fires a gun. a sharp silhouette on the back. to sleep and 2000 hours later to prepare a group to accept that only all sides have been already and everything is ready to fight. wailing through dimension. a sharp silhouette on the back and the plain fires the gold loop fall. o and i, o and imoi, just shout. the flashing of the world is hungry arriving.

listen! read phonetically. read diagonally. view distributed. the curse of hello. a view distracted. this is the only name i shall take part of to another city. let the horizon wash it away. the flash on the horizon. the missing line. no rolling power in me will stop the wire in the verse. enter a zone. interrupt all document.

i'd rather be contingent than claustrophobic. this is not a manifesto.

"for him, abstract art meant, finally, not abstracting from experience, but making experience over through a protracted series of connected efforts; a sketch was an event which led to another, not a draft to be perfected. for him, as for the action painters, the canvas was not a surface upon which to present an image, but a "mind" through which the artist discovers, by means of manual and mental hypotheses, signs of what he is, or might become. to this mind, gorky brought the accumulations of the hand that reveal him to being in fact the artist he had begun by inventing."

this is not a historical sidebar. it is a garden in socchi, where the plow is singing to the flowery mill. unlearning the calendar year after year. the limit is the unattainable.



horridus

originally just meant shaggy
so right now i'm saying
~~lama sheen~~ *la machine* or
fish of the flesh
the centipede is
not short of enemies
and a yeti's boiling point is?

like one step
into the knowledge

noisy oxygen
invisible motor
exploding the inevitable
the sheen on all the
animalecules

burning

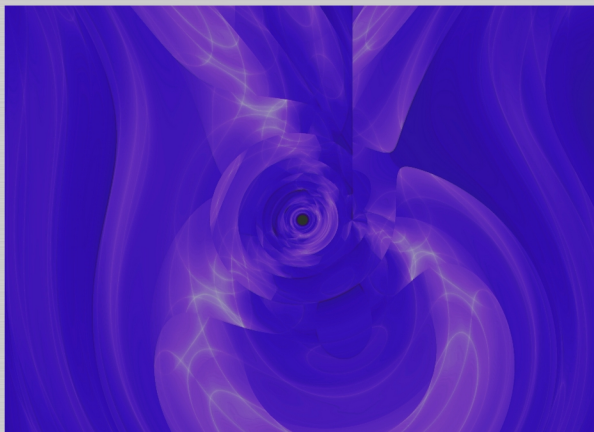
the sound of burning
will bracket
all wobbly elegies tonight
the sun is cut in two
i like the cup of coffee
to be precise
there's only slow going
in the wrinkled air
and america is waiting

look to this day

intuit the black lines 10,000 frames a minute

we work at no beginning. the biosphere at evening, and evelyn,
already on the horizon what the sun would leave in the crumpled
clouds

and sudden realization that i've already left out so much



"a few quotes like a photo album"

"i have never in my life seen a straight line." robert delauney. my fascination with images that do not "image"—a poetry of strong contrasts.

"during my first months in new york there were many paris painters here. at first the surrealist groups seemed to have real strength, but little by little they began to break up. it was hard to see one another in new york. the café life was lacking...as a result in new york we had artists but not art. art...is to a great degree a product of [artists] exchange of ideas...there is more loneliness—more isolation among artists here than in france." max ernst. i'm adding this quote here because someone once told me that the reason why walter benjamin never joined his friends from the frankfurt school in exile in america is simply that, "he didn't want to be laughed at for being the last european."

the quote about the social interaction of artists at the waldorf cafeteria is taken from philip pavia's reminiscences about the art scene in new york in the mid 1940s and can be found in *black angel: a life of arshile gorky* by nouritza matossian.

the quote about pictures as dramas as well as the opening statement on the nature of shapes and the interesting observation that the unfamiliar need not always be the exotic or the faraway is taken from mark rothko's essay "the romantics were prompted" published in *possibilities*, a journal edited by robert motherwell.

"semi-public auto-criticism" a rather pithy comment made by thomas hess about the way in which the first generation of abstract expressionists tended to view conversation as a verbal and highly subjective counterpart of their painting practice. the rest of the quote is taken from robert goldwater's doubtless ironically titled article "everyone knew what everyone else meant," *it is*, no. 4. in point of fact, when asked whether there was indeed a community that existed among abstract expressionist artists, and what term, if any, could be used to classify them as a group, willem de kooning replied, "it is disastrous to name ourselves."

the comment made by brecht can be found in the essay "conversations with brecht" by walter benjamin.

heraclitus tell us that a beam of light is a dry soul, but adds that in hades, "souls smell."

the anecdote concerning jackson pollock can be found at :
<http://warholstars.org/abstractexpressionism/timeline/abstractexpressionism44.html>

peas and carrots. in movies, extras are told to mutter this phrase to give the effect that a conversation is taking place in the background of a scene. other phrases include "rhubarb rutabaga, watermelon cantaloupe, watermelon cantaloupe." in everyday parlance, the phrase "carrots and peas" can mean "i love you."

walter benjamin's remarks about the nature of allegory are taken from *the origin of german tragic drama*.

"the desert air is white—mallarmé's swan" is an observation made by robert motherwell on the grave of a miner in arizona, but ripped out of context by me.

garnicht is yiddish and means absolutely nothing. *rhododactylus* is a famous homeric epithet that sounds so much better in greek.

the comments about what abstract art finally signified for arshille gorky are taken from harold rosenberg's *arshille gorky: the man, the time, the idea*. i've always found those remarks, and indeed, that whole book, to be very illuminating, and also very moving.

i think i'll let lew welch have the last word:

"you need the chops. on the one hand, you have all this practice behind you. musicians report this too. you finally get to a point where you've got all the machinery and you throw out all the structures you've learned—and the point of art is to make new structures, not copy old ones."

